2: Maguire G-5 (ca. 1926) 1927-28
FL6 Dorobo FL6

224 825 mind) made by placing the forefingers on either side of the nose and calling into the hollow formed by the palms of the joined hands.[1]

224 411 The *Mósiro* are fast and accurate bowmen at close range, and there are few of them who have not accounted for more than one lion with this weapon. A *Mósiroi* at present in my employ is credited with having killed thirteen lions thus, three of them with one arrow. The arrows, of course, are poisoned,[2] and are discharged with a force that would, I feel sure, excite the admiration of a European toxophilite. A curious, crouching attitude is adopted when drawing the bow-string and the archer faces his target, not adopting the more usual position of standing at a right angle to it. The killing of a lion with the bow is not regarded as an event of especial importance and the carcass is often left to rot in its skin.

261 If trouble is in the wind, the *Mósiroi* will always make for the haven he knows best—the bush. There he will live, apparently quite independent of the products of civilisation, and in nowise inconvenienced by a total lack of water, for weeks at a stretch, returning (when the trouble has blown over) with a skin bottle or bag bulging with honey. I could not understand the apparent ability of the *Mósiro* to live for long periods in country I knew to be waterless until I had been introduced to what they laughingly said was "the dry-season water." This is an enormous tuber[3] with a skin like the domestic potato. Under the skin is a milky, sticky layer about half-an-inch in thickness. This surrounds the inner core, which is of the appearance and consistency of a raw potato, is slightly fibrous and very moist. When this is chewed (the residue is not generally, but may be, swallowed), it gives great relief to thirst. Squeezing or pounding one of these tubers over a cooking-pot will result in the accumulation of a surprising amount of quite

[1] My predecessor at Kilaya shot two male lions which were "called" to a kill in this way by the *Mósiro*. He sat beneath a tree at a place where two lions had recently killed; the *Mósiro* mounted the tree and began calling. After a short time, one lion came to the kill (a goat) and was shot. The second lion came quite soon afterwards and was duly given his quietus.

[2] See the section devoted to Dorobo arms.

[3] This tuber, called *Kisherembara*, is also known to the Kisiba Masai and is called by them *Ol-Mondodua*. This is a corruption of the *Mósiro* name, and the Masai freely admit that they learned of its existence from the Dorobo.

[824]

2: Maguire G-5 (ca. 1926) 1927-28
FLA Dorobo FLA

palatable water. A full-grown specimen of this tuber must weigh many pounds, as I have seen them as large as a Rugby football. It is most difficult of detection, having only three or four small oval leaves above ground, but the *Móiro* seem to be able to find it anywhere. It is generally obtained by digging with a sharpened stick under certain bushes.

The majority of the *Móiro* (if not all) would seem to inhabit the southern half of the Tanganyika Masai Reserve. There are a few living in Handeni, but close to the southern Masai border and within a day's march of Talamai. North of L'ol-Kisale I have not met with *Móiro*, though I think there may be a few in the northern areas. There are some *Móiro* in the vicinity of Lo-sokoine. I imagine (though I do not assert positively) that the Dorobo living with the Masai west of the Rift Wall, in the Kotu-'n-beine localities and to the north of Lake Eyasi, are not *Móiro*, but are *Aramanik*.

Many *Il-Móiro* are members by adoption of the *'L-Aiser* and *Il-Mildyan* clans of the Masai, and some have been adopted into the *Il-Marumas* family of the *Il-Molkpusa* clan.

Since the above notes were written, I have met with certain *Móiro* whose housing methods are even more primitive than those already described. These people live in unpleasantly obstreperous "dug-outs" about eight feet below the ground. There is no ventilation, and the cave is generally scooped out beneath the roots of a baobab or other suitable tree. At night the entrance is securely blocked with thorns. The *Móiro* who live thus differ in no other respect from those already described and, amusingly enough, are much despised by their relatives for their troglodytic existence.

R. A. J. Maguire.

(To be continued)

/330 cont./

262 If lean times then come, one tries, as well as one can, to appease
[352] the stomach with wild roots or tubers, with berries or other small
fruits, with honey and honey beer. Meat is seldom eaten raw,
251 usually boiled or roasted at the open fire. For storage it is cut into
259 long strips that are hung to dry in the sun. When the meat is well
251 dried, it is stowed away in the aforementioned tree, close to the
camps: cattle and small livestock, which are bought from the Masai
for ivory, are not kept, but slaughtered immediately. Insofar as the
262 Wandorobo, in barter with sedentary tribes, are able to come into
[339] the possession of vegetables, they also live on these, but actually
only during times when, for some reason, only little game is to be
had. Otherwise the vegetable food acquired by trade constitutes
[372] only a side dish, especially for women and children. Many of them
devour milk and have this on the fact that their stomachs, accustomed
only to meat diet from early childhood, do not tolerate it. Some
go so far as to throw away the udder of a slaughtered cow, although
[191] they eat that of a slain piece of game. There indeed seems to be no
doubt but that the previously mentioned Masai belief, according to
which milk and meat must not be brought together, rests on these
customs. Besides water, honey beer, which they make in the same
way as the Masai, also serves them as a beverage. The latter prize
that made by them more than their own, which probably rests on the
fact that the Wandorobo keep the good honey for themselves and sell
only the inferior kind. Men, women, and children eat together.
[342] Both the foods for the men, his wives, and children and, on the other
[345] hand, those for the youth and his favorite girl are cooked in one pot.
From this the food is poured into small wooden bowls (kitoloni), of
191 which each adult dining in the meal has his own. From the food
laws of the Masai, the custom that young unmarried men may not
drink honey beer is still found here as a survival. Tobacco is a
276 luxury of the married. Men smoke it, coarsely cut, in pipes carved
by themselves. Ground to powder and mixed with a little soapy
ash and /333/ fat, it serves both men and women for snuffing.
Women also like to chew the snuff.